

SINKS IN FLORIDA

Mysterious Actions of the Ground of That State.

Large Depressions in the Earth Which Appear and Disappear from Causes as Yet Undiscovered.

The recent accident on the Florida Southern railway near Gainesville recalls the old question concerning the Florida sinks. What are they?

Except the railroad feature, there is nothing so very unusual in the formation of a new sink; one was formed a year or so ago about a mile from the site of the accident, and close by the same railroad, but there was no particular publicity given to the fact. Unless the formation of a new sink causes some particular accident or inconvenience, it is only mentioned as a new curiosity might be—something to look at if you are going that way.

Alachua county probably has a larger number of these sink holes than any other county in the state.

Some of these sinks have water in them, some are dry, and some are forty feet in depth, and bearing orange trees grow on the sloping sides.

All efforts to find natural causes for these sinks have failed to account for their existence, says a correspondent of the Savannah News.

The numerous recent discoveries in some western states, in Central America and in Mexico of the remains of the dwellings of a people who lived beneath the surface of the earth suggest the possibility that these Florida sinks are the breaking-in of the roofs of chambers formed by a race of people who, in the long ago, occupied Florida.

That subterranean chambers and passage-ways exist in Florida is well known, but how they were formed and for what purpose I have never seen even suggested in any work on the subject.

The natural wells all have an artificial appearance. They are all entrances to tunnels in which water runs. Persons have often entered one and come out by another. I have heard it claimed that these natural wells are the openings to subterranean roadways, and that they lead to large rooms in some places. I have been told of a large subterranean chamber near Archer on the walls of which are picture writings.

The investigation of this subject might yield some very interesting information. A small party of friends have made some very strange discoveries regarding these Florida sinks. They have found that, like the numerous other ancient works of Florida of which I have written, such of these sinks as they have examined all bear the same engineer's marks (attractive bodies placed in the ground), by which the outlines of the original work can be traced, and also the connecting passages; and this has led to the further discovery that the same lines are quite numerous in places where there are no signs of sinks or natural wells to be seen.

A decided similarity exists between many ancient works found in American and Egyptian work. There is no good reason why we should not take what is known of Egypt to at least suggest the form or purpose of the unknown in America. In Egypt and Morocco, I am informed, the excess of grain crops is placed in chambers in the ground, the chamber is closed, and all visible traces of its existence are destroyed. In time of need the said or shell finds the chamber by use of the shaft or hole, and thus a famine is provided against.

May not some of our numerous large sinks represent similar large granaries or store chambers?

The scene of the accident on the Florida Southern railway is on the edge of Payne's prairie, where twenty thousand acres of rich land might yield grain enough to require an immense storage capacity. The spot is centrally situated for water transportation of the crop across the prairie by its central drainage canal, and is easily accessible from a region where there are no large prairies to cultivate.

Near Gainesville and in the city there are many places where it is often noticed that where horses trot over them a hollow sound comes from the ground. I have traced on some of these spots the very same lines that are found at the sinks. At Ocala, Dade City, Tampa and Port Tampa City I have found the same lines, and I have been told of many other places where these lines have been traced by gentlemen interested in the same line of investigation.

Reasoning from the lines found at the sinks, wells and tunnels that are known, the same lines being found where no sink or well now exists, the same conditions should be in these spots as must have been in the others before the supports of the roof gave way to form the sinks or wells. Several attempts have been made to dig down and see the actual condition—if there be a chamber and what it contains; if there be a tunnel and what it leads to; but water and quicksand were in every instance too much for the means of the explorer, and that it still remains a mystery, and no one has yet satisfactorily answered the question: What is a Florida sink?—Savannah News.

New Use for Indian Grass.
Sweet grass has been put to a new use. It is woven and made into cushions in which pins can readily be stuck with ease. In this guise it becomes a useful as well as decorative object. Those seen so far are quaint in the extreme. There is a small doll which makes the foundation, and the woven grass becomes her gown. This last is somewhat elaborate and shows bows and ribbons enough to stand for the model of a winter fashion plate, but all are made from the grass. The simple skirt is stuffed, and so the cushion is formed. The whole hangs upon the wall and is very charming at the same time that it holds pins in safety and by the score.

TURNING TO CARBON.

Peculiar Malady Affecting a Six-Year-Old Indian Child.

"O, Holy Mother, intercede for me, and take me away from this pain." It is the heartrending prayer that little Alice Hart, the six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hart, of Anderson, Ind., is murmuring as she writhes in her bed under the influence of morphia, which does not ease her excruciating pains.

She is the victim of one of the most peculiar maladies ever heard of in Anderson, and one that the several leading physicians in charge are unable to diagnose or locate in medical books. Six weeks ago she was taken down suddenly with itching pains in the feet. The doctors were mystified, and more surprised three days later when the feet began to discolor and the flesh to shrivel up. Since then the discoloration has reached to the ankle



LITTLE ALICE PRAYING FOR RELIEF.

and the feet are dead—passing into a carbon rather than into an ossified state.

No life is left, and while the members, but for the discoloration, are perfect, they are like chalk and as brittle and as feeble as the father last night started to straighten one of the little toes, when warned not to do so by the physician, lest it would break or snap off. They have no doubt that such would have been the result. To prove that it is not gangrene, which affects only the flesh and outer surface, but that it would burn anyone else have been applied and held there, and although the brittle substance was heated all the way through, she did not know that it was there. The same thing was tried with cold substances with the same effect, and there no longer remains any doubt that all below the ankle is dead, and instead of decaying, nature has disposed of it in a novel way.

The pains come on her periodically, and during the spells she continually, in her pure, childish devotion to the holy mother, prays for a deliverance from her pains.

Several days ago her little brother died, but she does not know it. She thinks he is sick in the room above, and often sends her parents up to it to stay with him.

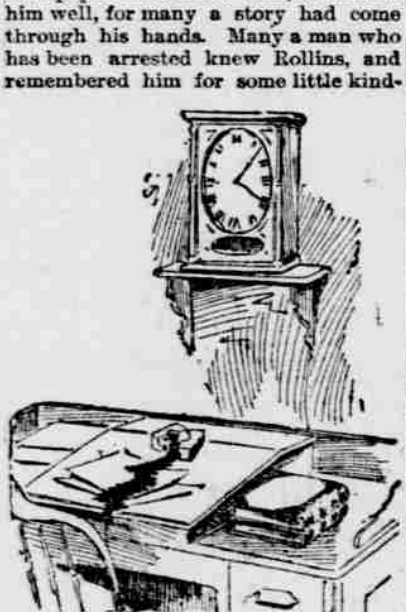
The doctors do not know as yet whether they will be able to arrest the malady. Amputation may be necessary to save the child's life, while it must necessarily follow should she survive, as the feet would snap off if she bore any weight upon them.

WHEN ROLLINS DIED.

The Old Clock Stopped and the Instant Split in Twain.

William H. Rollins, who has been night stationmaster at the First place railroad station at Washington for thirteen years, died the other afternoon. Strange as it may seem, the clock at the old station house stopped at the very moment Rollins died, and but a few hours before a large glass inlaid, which had belonged to Mr. Rollins, and which stood on his desk, cracked squarely in two pieces, letting the ink run over the paper and books, which had been so nicely kept.

Mr. Rollins was known to all of the down-town men of Washington. All of the night workers knew him. The newspaper men knew him, and knew him well, for many a story had come through his hands. Many a man who has been arrested knew Rollins, and remembered him for some little kind-



THE INK RAN OVER THE PAPER.

ness, perhaps nothing more than a friendly word; perhaps for a little lecture upon intoxication, and for an early dismissal from the cheerless cells of the station. Mr. Rollins had worked so long at the night desk that he had become extremely methodical. Every paper was kept just so; no prisoner received an extra favor, and neither reporter nor policeman was allowed to break any of the little rules for the management of the station. It is said of him that he never forgot a face or name, and could always tell whether the prisoner before him had ever been confined at No. 1.

Indian Had No Chance.

Batt Wilson, a Choctaw Indian chief near Lehigh, I. T., shot himself a few days ago. Before he died he was asked why he was tired of life, and replied: "Too much white man; Indian no chance."

Dr. Price's is the foremost baking powder in all the world, because it is absolutely pure.

The First White-Tie.
"By the way, Edwin I should, perhaps, have told you before that I really cannot endure tobacco."

"All the better, darling. My views are not advanced, and though I smoke a good deal myself, I never would desire that you should. You need, therefore, give yourself no anxiety about the fact that tobacco does not agree with you."—Judge.

Discouraging Road Agents.

Traveler (angrily)—Why don't you railroad men do something to put a stop to train robbing?

Railroad Magnate—That is just what we are working at now.

"Glad to hear it."
"Yes, we are thinking of raising fares, so that the passengers won't have enough left to tempt train-robbers."—N. Y. Weekly.

WEATHER ON MARS

Visible Evidences of a Warm Spell on the Planet.

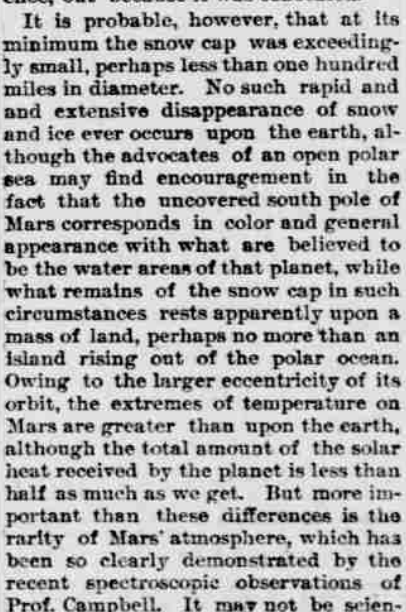
An Extensive Thaw Observed Which Indicated a Summer Season in the Southern Hemisphere of Our Neighboring World.

Among the most interesting observations of Mars during the recent opposition were those relating to the gradual disappearance of the snow cap surrounding its southern pole. The disappearance was due, of course, to the fact that it was summer in the southern hemisphere of Mars, and the polar snows melted more and more rapidly as the sun rose higher upon them. Yet, although the reason was plain, and because it was plain, one could not watch the process without experiencing a strange feeling that amounted almost to awe. It is quite easy, says the Scientific American, to think dispassionately of the possibility that some things may go on in other worlds just as they do in this one as long as your eyes have not confirmed what is in your mind; but when you actually behold such occurrences, the effect is startling. It is like coming suddenly in broad daylight upon the scenery of a dream. On June 1 the snow around the south pole of Mars was 2,400 miles across. A snow cap of proportionate dimensions on the earth would, in the northern hemisphere, extend as far south as St. Petersburg, the southern point of Greenland and Mount St. Elias in Alaska. By July 1 the diameter of the snowy area had diminished to about 1,500 miles. On August 1 it was only 1,100 miles and on August 21, the date of the summer solstice in the southern hemisphere of Mars, the snow cap was but 500 miles across. But heat accumulates in a Martian summer after the sun has begun to decline, just as it does upon the earth, and accordingly the melting of the snows continued after the solstice was passed. At the end of September the diameter of the snow-covered region was only about 350 miles, and at the opening of November it was less than 200 miles.

Now comes a curious fact. About the middle of October it was reported that the polar snow cap of Mars had vanished; some of the most powerful telescopes failed to reveal a trace of it. Yet it is not probable that it had actually entirely disappeared. The explanation of the apparent disappearance is no doubt to be found in the fact that as the snow area diminished it left the pole uncovered by receding to one side, for previous observations have shown that on Mars, as on the earth, what may be called the "pole of cold" does not correspond in location with the pole of the planet's axis. Schiaparelli's observations in 1877 and 1879 showed that the center of the snow cap during its minimum in those years was displaced toward that side of the pole corresponding to an areographic longitude of about 40 degrees. With the other side of the planet turned toward the earth, the snow cap would have been invisible, being, so to speak, hidden behind the pole. This is apparently just what occurred in the middle of October last. The south pole was then free from ice, and the center of the snowy region was displaced, as in 1877 and 1879, along the meridian of 40 degrees. But it was on the other side of the planet which was at that time presented toward the earth during the best hours for observation, and consequently no polar snow was seen; not because it had no existence, but because it was concealed.

It is probable, however, that at its minimum the snow cover was exceedingly small, perhaps less than one hundred miles in diameter. No such rapid and extensive disappearance of snow and ice ever occurs upon the earth, although the advocates of an open polar sea may find encouragement in the fact that the uncovered south pole of Mars corresponds in color and general appearance with what are believed to be the water areas of that planet, while what remains of the snow cap in such circumstances rests apparently upon a mass of land, perhaps no more than an island rising out of the polar ocean. Owing to the larger eccentricity of its orbit, the extremes of temperature on Mars are greater than upon the earth, although the total amount of the solar heat received by the planet is less than half as much as we get. But more important than these differences is the rarity of Mars' atmosphere, which has been so clearly demonstrated by the recent spectroscopic observations of Prof. Campbell. It may not be scientific, but it is certainly human to ask whether it is probable that human beings resembling ourselves were included in the field of view of our telescopes last autumn, while we watched the southern snows melting away at their ardent touch. If such beings are there they must exist in an atmosphere less than one-quarter as extensive as the earth's.

House Unearthed Near Pompeii.
A valuable discovery has been made at Puzosella-Settefini, near Pompeii, on the property of a certain M. Vincent de Procco. A house has been unearthed which was covered at the time the city was buried, and it is said to be in a more perfect condition than any building yet discovered. It contains several large apartments, and three bathrooms with the basins in sculptured marble, and with leaden pipes ornamented with bronze faucets. The three rooms correspond, says a writer, in describing the discovery, to the "calidarium, tepidarium and frigidarium, which were always to be found in ancient houses of the first class. In consequence of the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the Pompeian houses brought to light heretofore have been roofless, almost without exception. Fortunately, however, that on the property of M. de Procco is perfect, and archaeologists are happy over that fact. The roof measures almost forty-four feet in length."



SHE LIKES RATTLES.

Snake Hunting Has Fascination for a Young Connecticut Girl.
Lulu Wilcox, the daughter of General Wilcox, a farmer living in the hamlet of South Canaan, Litchfield county, Conn., has developed a great liking for rattlesnakes, and her queer freak is a source of great worry to her parents. The girl's home is situated on the road that runs along the foot of the Cobble, a great mass of rock standing by itself, about half a mile square at the base, and with perpendicular sides rising several hundred feet in the air. The Cobble is a dangerous place to climb about, for a mistop often means a fall that would result in death. That is not the only reason why the place is shunned. Even hunters do not go to the Cobble often. It is well known that rattlesnakes in great numbers are on the mountain, making the creepy

Complication in Relationship.
Mrs. Eunice Holcomb, aged 74 years, and A. Hollenbeck, aged 75, were married at Monmouth, Ia., the other day. This is her sixth husband, she having received a divorce from spouse number five only a few weeks ago. The marriage was a curious complication in the like family. The bride is a stepdaughter of David Like and the groom is his father-in-law. The bride thus becomes mother-in-law of her stepfather and stepmother of her stepmother.

Every Analysis and Contest Proves Prices Baking Powder Absolutely Pure.
The prospective purchaser of a city house built to sell was consulting with a real estate agent.

"I think I have a house to suit you," said the agent. "It is a good neighborhood and has all the modern conveniences."

"I'd expect that," replied the purchaser. "What I didn't want was one with all the modern inconveniences."—Detroit Free Press.

Acids and the Teeth.

It is always a safe measure after eating anything acid to brush the teeth as soon as possible. Limes or lemons are bad for them, and it may be doubted if tomatoes are not harmful. Certainly it is best to be on the safe side and avoid any harm by going to one's toothbrush after any meal which has contained vinegar, lemon juice or any acid or sour substance. —Philadelphia Press.

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fastnesses their homes. Great stories are told by men of the snakes they have seen on the mountain.

Notwithstanding the reputation of the place, Lulu Wilcox, who is about sixteen years of age, visits the mountain frequently, and has done so for a long time, in search of the deadly rattler. A year ago last summer a large snake wandered down from the mountain into the yard of her father's house and was dispatched by the hired man. The girl secured the rattles, and since that time has been infatuated with the idea of securing a collection of them. For a long time when she was in the mountain in search of snakes she did not allow her parents to know where she was going, but it all came out one day when a neighbor saw her coming off the mountain dragging behind her a large snake by means of a small piece of brush. On being questioned she said she had killed the snake to get the rattles for her collection, and that it was not the first time she had gone on the mountain to hunt the reptiles. The total number of snakes slaughtered since the girl began is about fifty. Time and again her parents have punished her for going on the mountain, but they have not been able to keep her from the Cobble.

NO WHISKY FOR HIM.

He Could Invest the Shining Dime to His Better Advantage.

He was a tramp. He did not deny his avocation. His hair was uncombed, his face unwashed and unshaven, and his clothing tattered and torn.

He possessed but one leg; the other had been bitten off by porcupines while riding on a "hog train."

He walked into a downtown Cincinnati hotel with an unsteady movement, something like a freight train moving when the wheels are off the track. He wore a piteous and pleadingly pathetic countenance on his careworn face. He asked the clerk for money. That gentleman went to the big iron safe, threw open its massive doors and took from its precious drawers a bright and shining dime, which he tenderly placed in the tramp's trembling and outstretched hand. There was a grateful look in the beggar's eyes. He made a profound bow and was about to hobble away when the generous-hearted clerk asked him if he intended to buy whisky with the money.

"No, no," replied the tramp, as he gazed at the magnificent gift in his



SHE LIKES RATTLES.

hand. "No whisky for me. I am through with the vile stuff that degrades manhood. I shall let me see, yes, I shall first buy a beautiful meal, after which I shall spend a portion of it at a tailor's shop for a suit of clothes. Then I may buy a few shares of sugar stock, and with the remainder I will purchase a ticket to St. Augustine, Fla., where I shall spend the balance of the winter at the Ponce de Leon. A good evening, kind-hearted sir. May God bless you," and then he made his way to slippery sidewalks beyond the heavy revolving doors.

Hogs Cut from Diamonds.
Everybody knows how difficult it is even for an expert lapidary to cut diamonds, not only on account of their hardness, but by reason of their structure and veins, which must be well defined before the cutter begins his work. M. Antoine, one of the best-known jewelers of Antwerp, has, after many fruitless attempts and three years of arduous, patient toil, at last succeeded in cutting a whole ring out of a block of diamond. The ring is perfectly round, with a diameter of nineteen millimeters (about three-quarters of an inch). It was exhibited for some time in Antwerp, and was very much admired. Its value is not given, as the maker will not sell it. Outside of this ring there is but one other ring known to be cut out of one stone, and that is the beautiful sapphire ring in the Marlborough collection.

FELIX LIKES WATER.
A Philadelphia Cat Which Is Fond of Swimming and Fishing.

There is in the Philadelphia zoo a little house, near that occupied by the reptiles, which is one of the most interesting and yet less frequented, probably, of the buildings. One of the curious animals in it is a cat. It doesn't seem to be a particularly wonderful cat, but, according to the Press, it is. Perhaps no animal is as much afraid of

FED BY MACHINERY

An Expeditious Method of Fattening Fowls for Market.

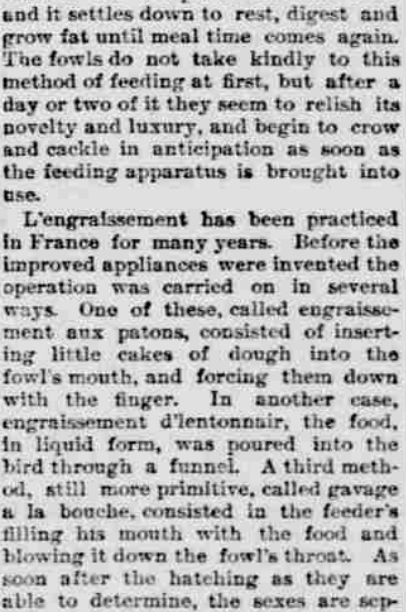
A French Process by Which Chickens and Ducks Are Speedily Brought to a High State of Perfection for the Table.

There is a poultry-raising establishment in Baltimore county at which all the modern appliances for hatching and rearing chickens are in practical operation, says the Baltimore Sun, and where the "stuffing" process of feeding known for many years in France as engraissement, is used in fattening both chickens and ducks for the market. About five thousand chickens and as many ducks are annually fattened by this process at this place. The owner of this establishment is an American who has spent many years of his life abroad, especially in France, and he has made a thorough study of the methods followed in the land where gastronomy has been reduced to a science and where the inner man is more assiduously considered than anything else in the world. And it is because years of experimenting in France have proved that poultry fed by the process of engraissement are more toothsome and less expensive to the grower than poultry fattened by the ordinary processes of nature that he has established this place in Baltimore county upon an almost French basis. Incubators are now by no means the curiosities they were a few years ago, when the public paid an admission fee for the privilege of seeing one in operation. Many farmers have improved upon the old-time more or less careless methods of raising chicks or ducklings, but there is no other place in Maryland where the "stuffing" process is in vogue with all its modern, humane and economical appliances. The process is based upon the simple principle that a fowl will grow fat most rapidly when it is given the maximum of food and allowed the minimum of exercise. Fowls fed by "engraissement" are not only given all the food they can eat but all they can hold, and they are not given any exercise.

When the work of feeding fowls in this manner is being put in practice—which is not the case at this season of the year—the interior of the feeding-house is an interesting place. It looks like a large prison on a small scale, with tier upon tier of tiny cells reaching from the floor to the ceiling. In each of these cells a bird being prepared for market. Its quarters are rather confining, for it hasn't room to turn around in and scarcely room to rise to its feet. Running along in front of these cages, which fit their occupants as if they had been made to order, is a trolley track, high up near the ceiling, and from this is suspended the feeding apparatus proper. It may, by means of weights, be put at any height, and may be moved along the trolley track from one end of the building to the other, thus enabling the feeder to put his machine in front of any cell he may wish.

The feed, in the form of soft mush, is put in a reservoir holding a gallon or more. From the bottom of the reservoir the food runs through a rubber tube into another receptacle, the capacity of which is regulated by a screw, according to the extent of the meal to be given to the fowls at that special feeding. From the second receptacle protrudes a tin tube about four inches long and as thick as a lead pencil, and this tube is thrust down the fowl's throat and into the crop. This done the pressure of a lever empties the contents of the receptacle into the fowl and it settles down to rest, digest and grow fat until meal time comes again. The fowls do not take kindly to this method of feeding at first, but after a day or two of it they seem to relish its novelty and luxury, and begin to crow and cackle in anticipation as soon as the feeding apparatus is brought into use.

L'engraissement has been practiced in France for many years. Before the improved appliances were invented the operation was carried on in several ways. One of these, called engraissement aux patons, consisted of inserting little cakes of dough into the fowl's mouth, and forcing them down with the finger. In another case, engraissement d'entonnoir, the food, in liquid form, was poured into the bird through a funnel. A third method, still more primitive, called gavage à la bouche, consisted in the feeder's filling his mouth with the food and blowing it down the fowl's throat. As soon after the hatching as they are able to determine, the sexes are separated, and when they are three and one-half months old they are put in the "pens of plenty." Fowls thus treated have been known to double in weight during their confinement in the pens. Their meat is far tenderer and sweeter than that of fowls raised in the ordinary manner, and is devoid of all objectionable stringiness. They are, the owner of the Baltimore county establishment avers, more suitable for table purposes than capons, and do not have to be fed and cared for more than a quarter of the time that capons require.



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water as a Maine, unless it is a school-boy. Yet this cat in the Zoo delights in water. It can swim like a dog and dive like a professional diver. If in its wild state while it went swimming along a stream it spied a fish darting along underneath it, splash the cat would go head first after the fleeing fish and soon emerge with it in its mouth. Then it would swim to the bank, climb up a tree and make a cold lunch of the fish. When it was through it would pick its



CAT THAT SWIMS LIKE A DOG.

teeth with the bones and go swimming out for more. This cat rejoices in the name of Felix. It lives on fish, principally, although it has degenerated to such an extent that it will eat other things. Felix has a yearning for rain. One day there was a leak in the roof over the cage next to his and the rain came dropping down on his fellow captive's back. This animal howled, because it objected to being in a perpetual shower bath, and Felix was mad because he thought he was being unjustly discriminated against. He hurled himself against the bars of his neighbor's cage and called for blood. The other occupants of the building were surprised. They took sides with one or the other and joined in the howls of protest.

The keepers did not know what was the matter at first. Finally they saw Felix trying to get his tail wet in the neighbor's cage, and then they comprehended. But instead of changing the cage so that both would be satisfied they stopped up the leak. Felix is a mild sort of an animal, and he is not trying to drown himself he crawls up in a heap and sleeps. He came from Africa originally, where it is said that he was the champion long-distance swimmer of the neighborhood. His only rival choked on a fishbone at a banquet one day, and thus gave him a clear title to first place.

AN IRON-LIKE STOMACH.

A Freak Who Keeps Germany's Medical Men in Extremes.

Leipzig has a sensation just now in the person of Strazini, who has kept the medical profession in a state of excitement ever since he made his appearance there. Strazini astonishes his audience by first eating a soup that consists of sawdust, plentifully mixed with coal oil. The mess is set afire, and after the flames have been extinguished Strazini eats the peculiar mixture, lading it out with a spoon.

He follows this by biting pieces after piece from the lamp chimney, crushing the glass between his teeth and swallowing it. He washes it down with a little water. For dessert he munches pieces of hard coal, peat, washing soap, tallow candles, pieces of plaster cast and bricks, boots, clay pipes, and seems to enjoy the conglomeration. All this is eaten at one meal and in quick succession. A little water is the only beverage in which he indulges during the meal. Strazini asserts that he



SHE LIKES RATTLES.

does not feel the slightest discomfort from the unusual diet, and he certainly looks it. When he has finished his dinner of ceramics he pours down two cups of coal oil, throws his head back and holds a lighted match to his mouth. There is a deep puffing sound and a flame three feet long leaps from his mouth.

After eating Strazini gives an exhibition of dancing as wonderful as what has gone before. He does it with his bare feet in a box filled with debris and shreds of champagne bottles, lamp shades, wine glasses, etc. Into this he dives with both feet, jumps about in all directions and ends by burying his head in the broken glass. The strange part of it is that he comes out without a scratch. His outside seems to be as impervious to such an onslaught as his stomach is to sawdust and brick and burning coal oil. Medical men from near and far have interviewed this curious phenomenon, but are unable to give an explanation of his wonderful performances.

It's the best—Dr. Price's Baking Powder—because it's absolutely pure.

First Politician—I can say this, that our party conducted the campaign in an honest, fair and straightforward way. What more can you say of your party?

Second Politician—We won.—Boston Transcript.

Tommy's Theory.

Tommy—I think sister Lucy is going to play Indian.

Mamma—Why do you think so, Tommy?

Tommy—Why, because I just saw her painting her face.—Harper's Young People.

Blackmail.

Caller—I've found that there dang that y'r wife is advertisin' five dollars reward fer.

Gentleman—You have, eh?

Caller—Yep, an' if yeh don't give me ten dollars I'll take it to Mr.—N. Y. Weekly.

SERVED HIM RIGHT

Sam Brown Was Once the Terror of Nevada.

Incidents in His Career Before Van Sickle Emptied a Shotgun into Him—The End in Keeping with His Record.

Among the desperadoes that domineered and terrorized Virginia City, Nev., in the early sixties, Sam Brown was the most prominent figure. His stature, strength and ruffianly courage, together with his skill with the bowie knife and revolver, weapons he was prompt to use with or without pretext, gave him a preeminence among the bad men of that lawless and sanguinary era.

Some of the peculiarities of this worthy Mr. Brown, says the New York Sun, naturally made him a very uncomfortable companion at the gaming table. At poker his habit of reinforcing a pair of deuces with two revolvers and a bowie knife whenever the size of the pot made it an object, tended to make conservative players shy of his company. When playing in bad luck at faro he would, as a matter of course, help himself to his neighbors' stacks of chips, and it was an ignorant or hardy man who ventured to protest. Meeting a stranger on the road whose horse struck his fancy he soon convinced the traveler, by his characteristic moles of persuasion, that an exchange of animals was for his advantage. His services were in frequent request by mine and town lot jumpers for the tampering of prior claimants, and his presence on the scene of contest was apt to turn the scale, the merits of the case being a minor consideration after Sam Brown had taken his side.

In an old report of the United States geological survey, upon the Comstock mining and miners, Elliot Lord thus narrates two typical incidents in Sam Brown's career:

"The most prominent figure of the crew—the desperadoes of Virginia City—was a burly ruffian known as Sam Brown, who had killed thirteen men in Texas and California, as was reported, before his arrival at Virginia City. The terror and aversion which this man inspired recall the nursery tales of the days of ogres and their victims. In the summer of 1859 an agent of the leading western express company called at a station which Brown then was keeping on the Humboldt river, and desired something to eat. Brown pointed to a hanging strip of bacon, and the traveler requested the loan of a knife to cut a slice to first place.



SHE LIKES RATTLES.